# Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, September 27, 1940. | 77th Year.


# Truth in Advertising?


By G. E. Wallace

*For the Messenger*

"LISTEN," SAID JIM; "WHEN WE BUILT THE COTTAGE WE ALL CHIPPED IN, DIDN'T WE?"

WE had *had* a nice cottage site before Wes Gordon had cut his woods, which were up above us on Elk Creek. And in truth we still had a nice cottage site,—green grass in front of the cottage. But boy! what a job it had been to get the stones off that grass! And we had decided to sell out before next spring. For, as Ed Mendell pointed out, with the woods cut on the steep hillside banks, another flood was due to come, and more stones were sure to pile up on what should have been our lawn, to say nothing of the possibility that our land, (it ran along the creek for almost five hundred feet), might wash away.

"If only!" Ed said.

We knew what he meant. If only we had known the land we had bought for a cottage site would flood, we'd not have bought it. For we had worked pretty hard putting up our cottage, and painting it, and making it a cottage that any bunch of fellows might be proud to own.

"I guess we've got two hundred and fifty dollars sunk in this place," said Jim, looking around.

We had . . . if you counted our time worth anything at all. Of course the lumber hadn't cost us much, being second hand lumber, but it had cost us enough at that. And then there was the paint, and the work we had put in on the cottage. We had sunk more in the place than we wanted to lose.

"The thing to do," Ed said, "is sell!"

"And," Ed smiled, looking out from the porch where we were sitting, towards the lawn from which we had picked up stones, *and* picked up stones, "no one will ever know the land floods!"

"But we know," Harry Gilbert said.

And there we were . . face to face with Harry's provoking honesty.

* * *

WE argued with him. We told him that when we had bought the land no one had bothered to tell us whether it flooded or not.

"It didn't then," Harry said, "and it wouldn't yet, only Wes cut those woods off above us. That lets the water run off quickly, and . . . "

"And so," Jim said, sarcastically, "you want us to hold the bag!"

"I want us to do the right thing," Harry said. 'I think we ought to sell if we can. But I think we ought to tell prospective buyers that the land floods when high water comes."

We groaned a universal groan. If we did that we could not sell!

"Can't you see that?" we demanded.

Harry said nothing.

"Listen!" we said. And he listened. Yet he shook his head stubbornly.

And so a pleasant afternoon was spoiled. For we didn't want to hold on to that land and let it wash away. We didn't want to be owners of a cottage that might some fine day float down the creek. We had put too much of our hard-earned money into that cottage. If we sold we could buy another tract of land, and build another cottage, even a better cottage.

"We don't want to hold," Jim began again for the fifth time.

Harry had the best of it, "I see *you* don't," he said, giving Jim no time to finish. "You want others to hold the bag!"

And after that we went home, and wondered what we could do.

I know when I met Harry the next day I didn't fall all over myself to be nice to him. If he wanted to be a stickler for honesty, I didn't see what right he had to be a stickler with my money. I'd chipped in about forty dollars when our club had decided to put up a cabin of our own.

And I guess Ed, and Jim, and most of the others, felt the same way.

For a week later there was a showdown about the question of selling.

"I think I could bring out a buyer," Ed said, reopening the subject. Ed was looking at the creek, and say, after the dry weather that had prevailed for a week, the water was down, way down, you'd never believe that water had ever come up over the lawn.

* * *

OF course, up the creek a way, if you looked closely, you could see the debris left by the flood. For the land up there sort of sloped until it made a cup-like depression, with a thicket of willows across the lower end of the hollow. Maybe I should say there had been a thicket of willows, for although the willows were still there, they were bent down under the stones and trash that had come down the creek during the flood and piled up against them. If there was another flood they would be covered up.

"I think I could bring out a buyer," Ed said.

And then Harry spoke. "Bring him," he said, "but as long as I'm a member of the club, you'll tell the truth about the creek!"

Ed wheeled on him. "Are you running things?" he demanded.

Harry's eyes did not fall. He wasn't the president, or the vice president, or even the secretary, but he was a member of the club. "I am," he said, "and I want the truth told!"

He had us, for we couldn't muzzle him. And we couldn't change his stand by pleading with him to quit being stubborn.

And finally Jim got up. "What I think of you," he said, "is enough!"

Harry turned on him. "Meaning what?" he said.

And I guess he hadn't thought of our side of the question before. I guess he hadn't realized there was something to be said on our side, too.

"Meaning!" Jim said. "Listen! When we built the cottage we chipped in —we all chipped in, didn't we?"

"Yes," Harry said.

* * *

"WELL," Jim said, "maybe you can afford to lose what you chipped in, but I can't. Maybe you can afford to say goodbye to your forty dollars, and take twenty, which is all you'll get if you go out of your way to tell the truth. But I can't!"

"And besides," Ed said, "maybe the old creek won't go on a rampage again! Who can tell!"

But we knew it would. We knew that, otherwise we'd not have wanted to sell.

"I see," Harry said, finally, having sat thinking things over.

"I'm glad you do!" Jim said. "There's the rest of us to be considered. We chipped in too. And I can't afford to lose my money, nor can Ed, or Bill, or Glen!"

Harry nodded. You could see he hadn't thought of that.

"So," Jim said, "does Ed bring out that buyer to look at the cottage?"

"And deceive him?" Harry said. "No."

Well say, we were hot! But before we could tell Harry just what we thought of him, we had our breath taken away by what he proposed.

And, somehow, some way, we were ashamed too. For, Harry sure took his honesty . . . until it hurt. He was willing to back it up with cold and hard-earned cash.

"I never thought of you fellows not being able to stand the loss," Harry said. He sat there, frowning.

In the creek the water purled, softly. Say, any buyer would have been glad to buy! It was a pretty scene, and peaceful in the Fall sunshine!

"I never thought of that," Harry said. He pursed his lips. "I tell you what I'll do," he finally said. "I'll buy you fellows out . . . if you give me a little time."

And he meant it, too. He would have bought us out, and paid us one hundred cents on the dollar. When he couldn't afford it!

Ed spoke up first. "You win!" he said.

"You'll accept my offer then?" Harry said.

"Accept nothing!" Ed snorted. "What do you think we are!"

And I said, "You boob, do you think we'd take YOUR money!"

And then we all grinned, rather shamefacedly. For we knew, and Harry knew, that if we would not accept his money, we ought not to accept anybody's.

And then, strangely enough, we had a pretty good time at the camp after that.

We tried to pretend that a loss of twenty dollars would not hurt us. We tried to kid ourselves into believing that, maybe, even if we did tell prospective buyers about the flood, they'd buy anyway.

"I tell you what," Ed said at the end of the day, "let's make Harry a committee of one to sell the cottage!"

That was voted unanimously.

* * *

"IT will be fun to watch him," Ed said, "when he takes buyers out here and shows them around and says, 'You see that mess of trash against those willows? . . . well that was brought down by a flood that put about ten truck loads of stones on our lawn.' "

"Ten truck loads!" I said. "I carried off that much myself!"

"And that almost took the cottage itself for a ride," Ed continued.

"Sure," Jim said. "Don't forget to tell them that, Harry! Tell them the next flood may take it down the creek a mile or two. That ought to interest them. Imagine buying a cottage that at any time may play hide and seek with you and keep you guessing as to where it is!"

"I'll do my best," Harry said.

And his best was a scream. Truth in advertising! Harry surely put truth in his. He advertised our cottage for sale, and in the ad he stated frankly and openly that the land flooded. Say, what could you expect from an ad like that!

"Have you had any letters about the cottage, Harry?" we asked when we met him.

He shook his head.

A week later he was still shaking it. He hadn't had one single reply, but he ran the ad again.

And then one day a man appeared in town and asked for Harry Gilbert.

And after we had given him the information Ed and I almost wished we had not told him. For the man had come out to see about the cottage, and the man had money. You could see that. He drove a sporty car, and was well dressed, and had that certain air that bespoke one who can say, "I'll take it" and not count the cost.

"I wish," Ed said.

I wished the same thing . . . that we had handled the matter ourselves.

* * *

FOR if we had taken the man down to the creek, and showed him the cottage, we could have softpedalled the flood. We could have implied it had been exceptionally high water, in place of just high. And we could have kept

(Please turn to Page 3.)

# "SALVAGED"

A Short, Short Story

By Adna Byrd

*For the Messenger*

THE frosts were creeping into the countryside, and "jungle-town" was getting somewhat chilly and shivery for its ragged occupants. The hobos huddled in a circle about a small campfire. A large tin can held up by stones placed in the fire contained a simmering stew. They sat on their haunches, those poor fellows, like so many wild animals about a kill, waiting for the signal of their leader to fall upon it. Like animals they sniffed expectantly,

And then the sweet tones of the harmonica blended with the tense rustle of the camp and the bubbling sounds from the can. Some of the greed faded from the eyes of the hungry group. The music lent a charm, caught them up in its embrace. Under the spell of the music their bodily discomfort was forgotten.

"Right ho, Joey, give us another tune!"

The blue-eyed youth smiled. He put the harp to his lips and played. And how that Joey could make the harmonica sing.

Yet a rather sorry sight was this young musician. The clothes he wore were few and tattered and torn. His boots did not match. The thinness of his body was pathetic, while upon his face were bitter lines which privation and the hardships of the road had drawn there. Yet he could smile and play blithesomely.

* * *

UNOBSERVED, a newcomer had entered the outer edge of the circle. He was a well-set-up youth, athletic and exuding an air of prosperity. His clothes were new and neat. His face was full and round. What a contrast to the hungry, emaciated face of the young musician. The newcomer's eyes were filled with compassion. Then the music stopped.

"Hey you," greeted a member of the gang. "Going on the road?"

The newcomer grinned.

"Sure," he said. "What's the chance for a feed?"

"Fine. Bring anything?"

"Bread."

"Yeah, bring us a loaf of bread."

The youth disappeared and soon returned with an arm load of bread loaves. His reappearance was greeted with a cheer.

The hobos ate out of cans and the newcomer, accepting the proffered one, found a seat beside the young musician.

"Your folks hard up?" questioned Joey, eyeing the other wistfully. It must be great to have decent clothes, he thought privately.

"Not so bad," answered Frank Colter.

"Well, take it from a hobo, Buddy, who means well: don't hobo unless you have to. I've been on the road six months and I'm sick and tired of it, buddy."

"Why don't you get a job?" asked the newcomer ruthlessly.

* * *

"A JOB? A rag o' nothin' like me get a job?" He cast a scornful look down at his beggarly garb. "They'd sic the dogs on me. But if I could get a job, would I be grateful! And would I work! I'm telling you, Buddy, I'd work."

Into the newcomer's eyes came an odd sort of gleam.

"Come with me," he said. "I've an idea, and I *need* you to help me work it out."

Frank Colter led the youth to his home, and dressed him carefully in his second suit.

"Fits first rate," he observed with a cheerful grin. "And take a look!" He waved towards the mirror. "You are a handsome chap."

"It's sure great to get a bath and into some decent clothes," said the other gratefully.

"Now for business," observed Frank.

"Yes, what can I do for you? It's sure great to get a break! What can I do for you?"

"I sell harmonicas," said Frank. "That's my job at our store. Dad is the manager and we sell all kinds of instruments. We have a radio hour. There's where you come in. People ought to hear good harmonica music. And boy, how you can make a harmonica talk!"

"And you think my playing is good enough for the radio," Joey's voice trembled with joy.

Next morning Frank told his guest:

"Dad has agreed to give my idea a trial. You play today, just like you played for those fellows around that campfire. You'll bring the house down."

"I'll do my best. And Frank, I'm grateful to you for this chance."

A month later the two youths were checking over the sales.

"Boy," cried Frank. "Your radio hour sure brings in the orders for harmonicas. To hear you play makes everyone want to play one. Even Dad admits my idea was good but he gives you credit for making it practicable."

"I am at no end grateful that you had such an idea. You can't guess what it means to me to have a job and a place in the world."

## BE A GIVER

God, let me be a giver, and not one
  Who only takes and takes unceasingly.
God, let me give so that not just my own,
  But others' lives as well may richer be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold,
  Of what material things life may be heaping;
Let me give raiment, shelter, food or gold,
  If these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treasures,
  May I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,
Belief and dreams and joy and laughter gay
  Some lonely soul to bless.

—Mary Carolyn Davies in The Living Message.

## THE TRUTH IN ADVERTISING?

(Continued from Page 2.)

still about Gordon's cutting the woods up the creek a ways, where the high banks poured water down now that the trees were cut off and there was nothing to hold the water back.

But it had been voted that Harry was to act as salesman. And so to Harry we directed the man.

"He'll never buy!" Ed said.

But the man did.

"The danger of flood waters will keep him from buying," I agreed.

But it was because the land would flood, the man bought.

"Well?" we said, when a day later we had all assembled down at the cottage, Harry having sent word to us that he wanted to see us . . . on business.

"Well," Harry said, "I've sold the land, if you O.K. the sale."

The amount we had in that land and cottage was about two hundred and fifty dollars.

"I've been offered five hundred, cash," Harry said.

"What!" Ed exclaimed.

Jim tried to say the same thing but he was beyond exclaiming. He sounded as if he were gargling "W"s.

(Please turn to Page 5.)

# Bombs Fall on Buckingham Palace

## Royal Residence Since the Reign of Queen Victoria

DURING the air raids on London several attacks were made on Buckingham Palace. A "delayed action" bomb exploded, doing considerable damage.

Almost all of the windows were shattered on the north side of the Palace, says the British United Press, a 15-foot deep crater was torn in the ground, 20 holes were punched in the roof by shrapnel and the swimming pool used by Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose was wrecked.

The household staff was in underground shelters when the bomb exploded. That, together with the delay in the explosion, accounted for the fact that there were no casualties.

Among the rooms which suffered shattered windows were the King's study and the Queen's drawing room.

One side and part of the roof was torn off a Grecian-style building housing the swimming pool.

No harm had been done to the gray stone facade of the Palace in front, where red-coated Guards once performed the famous ceremony of "changing of the guard."

We hope that by the time this paper reaches our readers London will be seeing brighter days and that there will be no worse damage to report than has been done to date, as we write.

* * *

ONCE inside the gate of the Palace on the right the correspondents saw the blackened and bomb-scarred wall in which almost every window was broken and farther on, the jagged colonnades and shattered roof of the swimming pool.

The swimming pool was built abutting a wall of the Palace as a conservatory but in 1938 the King had it made into a pool for the two princesses.

In peace time they used to plunge and splash about there each morning, becoming such proficient swimmers that they recently won prizes in competition with other girls. When visited the other day, water still was in the tank and the green diving platform stood at one end of the pool but everything else had been blown out.

The bomb fell only a few feet from the end of the pool and made a crater 15 feet deep and 35 feet across, which was piled with chunks of Portland stone, some weighing a ton or more.

The steel roof tree and other roof supports hung over the diving platform and one wall was missing.

Radiators were torn down and all of the windows broken.

A Palace official said that the explosion sent a big chunk of masonry sailing over the roof of the Palace into the courtyard. Another went through the glass roof at the grand entrance of the Palace. Small pieces of masonry made about 20 holes in the roof. There was a shower of broken glass in the picture gallery but all art treasures had been removed to safety long ago.

Some damage was caused to the famous Chinese room of the Palace.

During another raid a big bomb crashed through the Queen's drawing room; another wrecked the royal chapel and several more fell in the grounds near the palace.

### The King's "Town House"

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is known to all who have visited Britain's capital. Londoners have an affection for the big grey building where the King and Queen live in the midst of their people. The people have a way of flocking to it in times of national crisis or rejoicing and on occasions either of joy or sorrow in the Royal Family.

The Palace celebrated its centenary as the Royal residence in 1937. It has been used as the London residence of British Royalty since Queen Victoria occupied it at her accession to the throne in 1837.

* * *

THE King's residence is at the west end of St. James Park, separated from Trafalgar Square and the centre of Government at Whitehall by almost a mile of lawns and trees. It was the original palace of Lord Goring during the reign of James I and was rebuilt twice after fires.

It took its name from John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham who reconstructed it as his own residence in 1703.

It first served a King when George III bought it in 1761 and frequently used it as a residence but not as an official residence. In 1775 it was given to Queen Charlotte and became known as the Queen's House. The present building was constructed in 1825 by John Nash. But many additions were made under the personal direction of Queen Victoria, who left the mark of her reign upon it.

There is more than a mile of corridors in the Palace, and about a thousand doors, all of which may be opened by a single master key. It is built in the form of a quadrangle around a small interior park. The great pile seen from the front was not a part of the original plan of the building, but was added by Queen Victoria to close the original quadrangle.

The King's and Queen's rooms are in the north wing which overlooks the Green Park and is known as the private corridor. At the far end, opposite the St. James Park entrance, is the private Royal dining room, and along the corridor overlooking the park are the King's study and the Queen's boudoir. It was this wing that was damaged by the bomb.

The King and Queen live in suites of average-sized rooms in this part of the Palace, leaving the State apartments and imposing corridors for formal court occasions. The King used his study daily for occasional work of state.

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## A National Health Drive

AUSTRALIA is carrying on a nation-wide health drive through the press, radio and cinema. The plan is one of health education and was conceived by the commonwealth and state health authorities with the support of the branches of the British Medical Association.

The object of this campaign is to inform the public of the curative and preventive medical and health services available. The eradication of tuberculosis by uniform preventive and curative measures is another aim. Medical examinations for the Army has shown that incipient tuberculosis was present in apparently robust men to the extent of one in every 200. In Canada, according to Col. W. A. Jones of the R.C.A.M.C. one per cent. of the men were rejected because of past or present tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis should not be a major problem in Australia. The country has ample sunshine and pleasant weather; the food supply is adequate, while medical skill ranks high and, outside the remote parts, is sufficient. With its notable record in maternal and infant care, Australia should not find it difficult to improve the tuberculosis situation.—Health League of Canada.

# "Mr. Chips" —On the Air

JAMES HILTON, author of the delightful "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" which most of us have either read or seen on the screen, spoke over the radio in the "Facing the Facts" series. Here are some of the things he said:

". . . I said just now that the democratic ideal is the noblest political vision yet given to man. Most of us believe that, and many of us are now prepared or preparing to die for that belief. But the trouble is that during the past twenty years when no one had to die for it, most of us were not even bothering to live for it. . . . We enjoyed our liberties as a man enjoys a nap after a heavy lunch—that is to say, we thought of them in terms of extra leisure, extra comfort, extra idleness. Even if we boasted of the superior qualities of our own democratic civilization we often measured them by the number of cars and refrigerators and radio-sets.

JAMES HILTON

### LIVE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

WE know now—or we are beginning to to know—that it was not enough. We are already relighting the fires of faith to match the opposing fires of hatred. We may yet be in time. But to show what happens when these things are not done in time, or even at all—let us look for a moment at the pathetic example of the League of Nations. It was a far from perfect experiment, but it did constitute a step, at any rate, towards something we shall eventually have to have in the world, and most of us realized that. But the league sickened and died of that deadliest of modern diseases—popular approval without private faith; it demanded a crusade and we gave it a press-campaign; it might have sprung alive from the soul of a saint; it could only die of our innumerable votes of confidence and acts of indifference. It should have been preached until people were aflame with it; instead of which it was flattered until people were bored with it.

### TAKEN FOR GRANTED

AND it is the same with democracy. We have given it plenty of quite sincere lip-service, but not enough mind-service, certainly not enough soul-service. Religion is not the only thing that can die without faith, and democracy, which is a spiritual as well as a political concept, requires the service of its adherents as well as their acceptance of its benefits.

When we look back . . . we can see how gradually and insidiously the nations we call the democracies had slipped into the way of taking democracy for granted—until it became more and more like something turned on with the gas and telephone and electricity, all of which are highly necessary, but none of which are the stuff to make martyrs and heroes.

Thus, as democracy gained respect . . . it was losing the sense of destiny that is the guiding star of all the great movements of mankind—even backward movements such as the one we are struggling against today.

Let us thank God that this sense of destiny has already returned to our cause. The fires had burned low, but they will not die now of neglect. Our destiny has already returned to our cause. The fires had burned low, but they will not die now of neglect. Our task now is to defeat the Great Conspiracy that threatens to put them out by force. . . .

Whatever the outcome, it will be a vastly different world when this war is over. If the Great Conspiracy succeeds, it will be a hard, implacable, relentless world in which individual freedom may disappear for so long that mankind may even forget what it was like. . . . The minds as well as the bodies of men will be enslaved.

If, however, the Conspiracy can be crushed—what have we then to hope for? Not an easy life—let us never make that mistake again. Nor shall we have easy problems. . . . But the world will at least have a chance to swing into a new era of progressive development—not an era of tired men sitting back to enjoy the fruits of victory, but of eager, vigilant men watching ahead for further victories. For Peace, as we have so often been told, and as we shall then find out for ourselves, has her victories no less than war.

Mr. Hilton saw the recent agreement between Britain and the United States as "the brightest hope in a pretty hopeless world." Hitler had described it as "the beginning of the liquidation of the British Empire." Mr. Hilton says:

> *We know in our hearts, if not yet on our maps, that it is no sign of liquidation but of consolidation—the beginning of the consolidation of a new empire of faith and purpose—an empire not yet aware of its own physical frontiers but only of the boundlessness of its dreams.*

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## TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Five hundred dollars," Harry said.

"But," I said, "did you tell him about the flood!"

"Oh yes," Harry said.

"Is he . . . crazy?" Jim finally stuttered, coming to enough to speak.

"No. He's . . . well, he's a worker in cement, and needs gravel."

* * *

GRAVEL! We had gravel! We had, as Harry said, using the man's words, a self-renewing gravel mine. That thicket of willows caught the gravel brought down by the high water, and would continue to catch more gravel after the gravel that had been caught was dug out and carted away.

"You see how it is," Harry said. "Every time that creek goes on a rampage it will fill up that pocket with gravel. You see how it is?"

We saw. We saw that if Harry had not been honest, irritatingly and provokingly honest, so that he had shamed us into being honest too, we'd have lost . . . even if we had broken even and got out what we had in the cottage.

"Do you accept?" Harry asked.

"Do we!" I said. "Why we can build another cottage . . . "

"There's no need to do that," said Harry. "The man doesn't want the cottage . . . he only wants the land. He'll move the cottage for us . . . over to that knoll . . . if we decide to buy that hill and want the cottage there."

Yes, that's how it came about that we have a nice little cottage, on a nice little knoll, overlooking a nice little creek, and each of us has a nice little sum of money, when otherwise we wouldn't have had any. But besides all that, that's how our club came to have a new president, Harry, and how one bunch of fellows that almost went wrong decided that honesty is indeed the best policy, and also decided, shamed by a fellow who would have been honest even if it hurt, to live up to that motto in the future, no matter what came from living up to it.

"Do you accept?" Harry asked.

And it was voted unanimously, "We do!"

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**Interdenominational in its sympathies it is free to serve all Christians.**

**Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.**

SUBSCRIPTION RATES ELSEWHERE
or on application.

*Notice to Correspondents*

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

September 27, 1940.

## WORD FOR THE DAY

**Sun.** : Wherefor didst thou doubt?—Matt. 14:31

**Mon.** : Pray without doubting.—I Tim. 2:8

**Tue.** : Neither be ye of doubtful mind.—Luke 12:29

**Wed.** : Have faith and doubt not.—Matt. 22:29

**Thu.** : Ye err not knowing the Scripture.—Matt. 22:29

**Fri.** : Make me to understand wherein I have erred.—Job 6:24

**Sat.** : If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.—Jas. 1:5

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."

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Who trusts in God's unchanging Love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.—Sel.

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A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon:
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

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### Prayer

"O God, our Righteousness and Power,
Remember Britain at this hour;
Where'er her valiant sons may be,
Let them in prayer remember Thee."

## A Parliamentary Manifesto

MEMBERS of the British House of Commons of all political parties and religious convictions have issued a short manifesto, in which they express their "united support of those who, through the Churches and by other means, make plain the power of God in human life; holding that, by waiting on Him in prayer and by working with our fellows in sacrifice, we shall attain . . . (and) lift mankind on to a higher level in a new age."

The plea is reminiscent of Admiral Beatty's words in one of the darkest hours of the last Great War. "We shall never win," he said, "until the nation is on its knees in prayer."

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## See Through the Blackout

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

* * *

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

—William Cowper.

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It is the lifted face that feels the shining of the sun.—Browning.

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## Wings of Faith

THE moment has come when you must get off the perch of distrust, out of the nest of seeming safety and onto the wings of faith; just such a time as comes to the bird when it must begin to try the air. . . .

It may seem as though you must drop to the earth, so it may seem to the fledgling. It, too, may feel very like falling; but it does not fall—its pinions give it support, or if they fail the parent bird sweeps under it and bears it upon its wings. . . . Even so will God bear you. Only trust Him. —J. B. Figgis.

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## A Mighty Struggle

"WE are engaged in a struggle, not only with armed and armored hosts, but with Satanic powers. The arm of the flesh alone cannot prevail.

We must use every spiritual weapon which is available to us.

Of these the most effective is prayer. This is no time for discussing the philosophy of prayer. It is a time for trust in the promises of God, and for reliance on the experience of the generations. "Men ought always to pray."

We are thankful that the King is leading his people to the throne of the heavenly grace. That is true leadership. Let there be a great and united response."

## OUR AIM

*LOVE is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient . . . make love your aim.—I Corinthians 13:4-7. (Moffat)*

## A Living Likeness

CONTEMPLATE the love of Christ, and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character, and you will be changed into the same image from tenderness to tenderness.

There is no other way. You cannot love to order. You can only look at the lovely object, and fall in love with it, and grow into likeness to it. And so look at this perfect character, this perfect life. . . . And loving Him, you must become like Him. Love begets love.—Henry Drummond.

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## That Which Endures

When H. M. Stanley found Livingstone, the great missionary who spent thirty years in darkest Africa, and who had been lost to the world for over two years, he wanted him to come back home to England with him, but Livingstone refused to go.

Two days later he wrote in his diary, "March 19th, my birthday. My Jesus; my King; my Life; my All; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O Gracious Father, that ere the year is gone I may finish my work. In Jesus' Name I ask it. Amen."

A year later his servants found him on his knees dead. It was said of him:

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known:
He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble: this is Livingstone."

—Exchange.

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"Spirit and life need vehicles for their expression. People cannot hear the Word without a preacher; they cannot be persuaded of the possibilities of Christian character unless they see them exemplified in ordinary men and women."

Young People's Bible Reading

# Luke Writes His Gospel

For Sunday
OCTOBER 6, 1940.
Luke 1:1-4;
Acts 1:1; Col. 4:14
2 Tim. 4:11a

by BEREAN

AMONG the New Testament writers St. Luke holds a very special place. He was a Gentile. Professor Ramsay believes that Paul met him in Troas and that he was the "man of Macedonia" whom Paul saw in a vision the following night standing by him and saying, "Come over and help us."

On the other hand there is a third century tradition that he was a native of Antioch in Syria. This seems to be borne out by one version of Acts 11:28 which implies that Luke was present at the meeting of the church where Agabus gave his message.

We probably may take it that Luke was a Greek physician practising in Antioch, that like many thoughtful men of his time he had been attracted by the religion of Israel and attended the synagogue. Then when the Word of the Gospel came to Antioch he accepted the fuller revelation and was among the Greeks who were received into the Church. (Acts 11:20-24)

The people of Antioch were clever and fond of giving nicknames so "the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." (Acts 11:27)

Luke became a friend and travelling companion of St. Paul. The great Apostle was not a strong man physically. Only his great spirit kept him up. He was subject to acute spells of illness. Luke accompanied him as his medical adviser as well as assistant missionary.

Every reader of "Acts" must have noticed the "we" sections (16:10-17; 20:5-15; 21:1-18; 27:1-28:16) which indicate that Luke was at that time a member of Paul's party. Reading these verses and their contexts we see that he was with Paul and his companions elsewhere in their journeys, but includes himself in "they."

It is quite evident for instance that he was present during all these stirring events. (21:19-26:32)

An old writer Origen (185-254) suggests that Luke was "the brother whose praise is throughout all the churches." (2 Cor. 8:18, 9:2-5)

He was certainly with Paul in his Roman imprisonment. (Col. 4:14; Philemon 24; 2 Tim. 4:11)

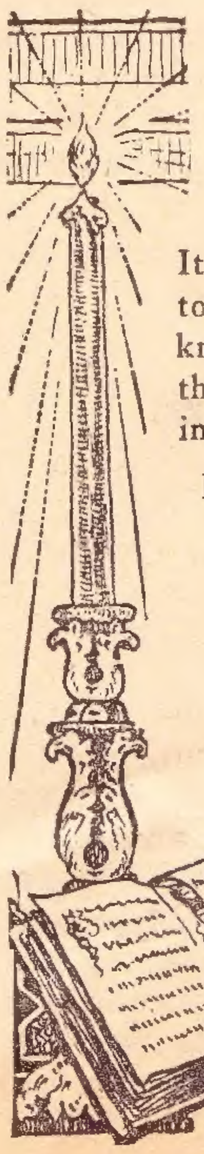
### Luke's Preface

LUKE'S Gospel "is intended primarily for the edification of a single individual. Theophilus, a man of high position living at Rome, and apparently a convert of St. Luke. Yet there can be no doubt that it was intended to reach a large circle of Gentile readers." (Dummelow)

Luke's preface (1:1-4) is phrased in good literary Greek. An introduction of this sort shows that the writer had been trained in Greek culture and was acquainted with classical models.

*Luke's is the most joyous of the Gospels. It contains more purely happy scenes than any of the others. . . A radiance like the dawn, a freshness as of spring, suffuse its pages. It has more about infancy, childhood. and youth than its companions. . . .*

*This gospel also stands alone in introducing us to certain aged folk—Simeon and Anna. But they appear in a story of infancy, and they are young old people. They seem to be introduced for the express purpose of showing how the eagerness for the future and the belief in it which we commonly associate with youth may be experienced by the old if they are possessed with the spirit of the new age. In them, as in the Gospel generally, we detect the note of hope. The angels' song, heard by the Bethlehem shepherds is both gladsome and hopeful. Emphatically this book of Luke is a gospel; it is glad tidings.—W. F. Adeney, D.D. (The Century Bible.)*



## *Memory Verse*

**It seemed good to me also . . to write . . . that thou mightest know the certainty concerning the things wherein thou wast instructed. —Luke 1:3, 4.**

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 1:1-4
Tue.—Col. 4:7-14.
Wed.—Luke 4:16-22
Thu.—Luke 4:25-27
Fri.—Luke 11:11-13
Sat.—Acts 1:1-5
Sun.—Luke 1:26-28

Moffatt's translation of this preface is very fine:

"Inasmuch as a number of writers have essayed to draw up a narrative of the established facts of our religion exactly as these have been handed down to us by the original eye-witnesses who were in the service of the Gospel Message, and inasmuch as I have gone carefully over them all my self from the very beginning, I have decided, O Theophilus, to write them out in order for your excellency, to let you know the solid truth of what you have been taught."

### The Careful Historian

LUKE had ample opportunity to collect his materials while he was in Caesarea during Paul's imprisonment there. (56-58 A.D.) He may have put them in their present form anywhere within twenty years afterwards. Many authorities date the Gospel about 61 A.D. in the earlier days of Paul's imprisonment in Rome. The Gospel was written before "Acts" which is also inscribed to Theophilus. (Acts 1:1)

Luke tells us how he composed his Gospel. "Many have taken in hand . . . eye-witnesses." — Here are two classes of authorities. There were in existence fragmentary Gospels, little collections of the sayings of the Lord Jesus, little records of His wonderful works.

At that time,—less than thirty years after the Crucifixion and Resurrection,—many were still living who had seen and talked with the Lord. Indeed, most likely, our Lord's mother was still living under the care of His cousin John in Jerusalem.

Mark had written his Gospel from Peter's reminiscences and it was in circulation before Luke put his into shape. After the recognized manner of historical writers in those days Luke used Mark's work as the ground plan of his book, supplementing it with the matter which he had collected from other sources written and oral. Matthew later followed the same process.

"Luke claims for his Gospel (1) diligence in collecting all available materials, (2) fullness, (3) careful investigation, especially of the earliest period (our Lord's birth and infancy), (4) orderly arrangement, (5) accuracy." (Dummelow)

Our faith stands on a firm historical foundation. "We have not followed cunningly devised fables." (2 Peter

(Please turn to Page 8.)

## "FEAR HIM"

*Jesus said: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do . . but fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell: Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him."*

—LUKE 12:4 5.

* * * * *

### Realistic Writers

THE Old Testament writers have nothing in common with many modern novelists, who make their characters commit every abomination, run riotously into every excess and secure for them a happy and often pious ending.

They have more in common with George Eliot, whose faithful presentation of the law of moral retribution is set forth in "Romola." Here is Tito, whose easy morality brought this law, . . . to dog his footsteps and finally doom him.

There is a final phase of Samson's life presented by John Milton, proclaiming a gospel of hope, a world of mercy and a God whose mercy cannot be limited.

This matchless singer of Puritanism describes Samson on the last day of his life grinding corn in the prison of the Philistines, "grinding at the mill with slaves." In deep contrition he lifts his sightless eyes to God in humble prayer, his drooping soul revives, his shining face reveals the happiness of his heart, and in his triumphant death he wins a noble victory over his enemies the Philistines; yet, more, over the sloth, selfishness and sin that caused his slump and his slavery.—Montreal Star.

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### To a Moderate Drinker

"First Today, and the Other Half, and One for the Road, and a Final Binder, and There's Just Time for . . . yes, you know what we're talking about all right. Man is a gregarious creature, and maybe we were standing at your elbow.

"But next day, somehow, you don't feel too spry. A bit stale and sluggish, if you know what we mean. Not by any means a hangover, but there it is, you still don't feel so good next day.

"Ah, well, we'd better face the facts. There are those things in your blood-stream which have no business to be there, and the sooner you are rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them is to take ——.

"So-called grog-blossoms, bad breath and other bugbears of the convivial vanish and stay vanished as long as you take ——."

But why permit (and in fact encourage) the common sale of a beverage which "puts into the blood-stream things which have no business to be there and the sooner you are rid of them the better?"—Everybody's Monthly.

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### Canada Speaks

We'll carry on the battle,
And fight for honor and truth,
Strong speaks the voice of Canada,
Through the strong, brave hearts of its youth.

—M.B.A.

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## LUKE'S GOSPEL

(Continued from Page 7.)

1:16) "This thing was not done in a corner." (Acts 26:26)

WRITING A GOSPEL

LET us take up some expressions in Luke's preface.

Taken in hand.—Essayed. The phrase implies that the "little gospels" were less complete than Luke intends his to be.

Even as—"a strong definite term. The author will keep close to his materials and not give play to his fancy." (Adeney)

Ministers.—"Assistants." The word may be used in a technical sense as "catechists."

The word.—A phrase used in apostolic times for the Gospel message. (Acts 11:19; 14:25, etc.)

Me also.—Luke modestly associates himself with his predecessors.

In order.—"accurately" R.V. Luke had been careful and exact in collecting and transcribing his materials.

In order.—"May refer either to chronological order, or to orderly arrangement, according to subjects."

From the first.—Luke's Gospel goes back to the very beginning of the story.

Most Excellent.—A recognized form in addressing persons of a certain rank.

Theophilus.—"Lover of God" or "Beloved of God." Some have thought that by this name Luke means the Christian reader in general, but Theophilus was a common Greek name and "Most Excellent" is an official title. It is the word used in addressing both Felix and Festus (Acts 23:26; 24:3; 26:25) We have the phrase still in "Your Excellency."

We may think of Theophilus as man of position who had accepted th Gospel.

Instructed.—Literally "catechised. "Candidates for baptism were require to go through a preliminary course o training in Christian doctrine and mor ality, of which catechising formed prominent part." (Dummelow)

The Christian teachers in this mod of teaching—by question and answer —followed the custom of the Jewis Rabbis. The method is still employe in some churches and when rightly used makes for clear and definit thinking.

Luke's Gospel has been called "th most beautiful book ever written." There is a great deal in it of literary beauty, but its true excellence consist in the beauty of its spirit.

One can tell a good deal about a author by reading "between the lines' of his works. What can we learn abou Luke by subjecting his Gospel and "Acts" to this process?

Among other things we learn that he was a man of observation and a splendid hand at telling a story; that he found much joy in his religion, tha he loved young people and could enter into their gaiety, that he was a friendly man, that he was kind to and considerate of women and children, tha he had deep sympathy with the poor and suffering. No wonder Paul calls him "Luke the beloved physician." I am sure we shall enjoy exploring his Gospel.

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Luke?
2. What books did he write?
3. Where did he get materials for his Gospel?
4. Was he careful in getting the truth?
5. For whom did he write his Gospel?
6. It seemed good to me also—. Complete the sentence.
7. What New Testament writer mentions Luke?
8. What are some characteristics of Luke and his Gospel?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

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*The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.*
*The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,*
*and be gracious unto thee;*
*The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,*
*and give thee peace.*

*—Numbers 6:24.*

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Rorketon, Man.
The Northern Messenger.

Dear Sir,—My S. S. seems to appreciate the Messenger and it is one paper I very much desire to go into each of their homes as it is an exceedingly fine paper of a very high moral tone and invaluable to me in teaching the lessons. Yours very truly,—Mrs. Spiers.

# UNDERGROUND RIVER

*By "YARN SPINNER"*

*For the Messenger*

HARRY MACAULAY felt that he had been badly used when, just before Camp, Troop Leader Fred Monahan had gone to sea, and S. M. Doyle had chosen Tom Beresford as Leader. His appointment had been endorsed by the Troop Court of Honor. It was true that Tom had his gold All-Round Cord while Harry only had his Red-and-White. It was true also that he, Harry, was six months younger than Tom. On the other hand he had been in the troop three months before Tom had joined and had been a P.L. while Tom was still in the ranks.

And then his Dad, Look at all he had done for the Troop. He was well off, and had given them this camp site.

On the whole Harry had enjoyed Camp this year, though all the time he had nursed the idea that Tom was trying to "boss" him.

* * *

ON the last day of Camp, some of the younger fellows had asked Mr. Doyle if they could pay a farewell visit to the "Giant's Caves" which lay about two miles up the Lake. These Caves were one of the attractions of the neighborhood. They were not of any great extent, but their queer pillars and gloomy recesses made them very wonderful to the boys.

The boat was just pushing off when Tom turned to Harry.

"You go with them, Harry," he said, "P. L. Rooney's a good fellow, but you know what kids are."

"Oh, they'll be all right, Tom," said Harry. "The Caves are a safe place. Besides I want to print some negatives. Couldn't you go?"

A.S.M. Jack Manley loked out from the tent.

"We want Tom here, Harry, to help with the Camp accounts. You'd better get off before the kids start."

Harry flushed.

"Jack's helping Tom in his bossing," he grumbled to himself. "I'm sick of the whole outfit."

He was on the point of a blank refusal regardless of consequences when the words, learned when he was a small tenderfoot, flashed across his mind,

"A SCOUT OBEYS ORDERS . . . WITHOUT QUESTION."

Harry's face cleared. He shoved his negatives back into the box in his tent, ran down the bank and jumped into the boat.

It was a pleasant row up the lake. The extreme heat of the summer was over, but the sun was still powerful and the boys looked forward with pleasure to the cool shadow of the caves.

They ran the boat ashore on the little beach at the foot of the cliff and then climbed the stairs cut in the face of the rock to the mouth of the outer cave.

It was certainly very impressive. The Caves extended some hundreds of feet into the mountain side. Harry told the boys how they had been hollowed out by volcanic action in the old times, and showed them the blocks of stone that had once been molten lava.

There was also the mysterious stream which, trickling from the roof, made its way through a small opening in the floor. By listening, they could hear its whispering far beneath their feet.

They left further exploration till after "eats." Each fellow had brought sandwiches in his haversack. There were enough thermos bottles among them to provide cocoa for the party, so soon they were seated around a flat rock, enjoying their lunch and discussing the various happenings of camp. Harry had his electric torch, but the light which struggled in through the entrance of the Cave was enough to eat, and talk, by.

"Crash! R-r-r-umble! r-r-umble! r-r-umble! Crash!" The roar echoed and re-echoed through the cave. The ground shook beneath them and some fragments fell from the roof at their feet.

They jumped up and rushed to the cave's mouth.

Then Harry laughed.

"It's only a blast! You remember, they started the new dam beyond the point last week. I saw some cases of dynamite being landed there yesterday."

As they finished their meal there came another blast still more violent than the last, and another barrage of rock came scattering among them.

"Say, fellows. I think we had better go," said Harry. He blew his whistle, "All for the boat now right away!"

They obeyed promptly, packing up their belongings and making for the mouth of the cave.

As they prepared to descend the stair Harry cast his eye over them.

"Stand still a moment, chaps . . . nine, ten, eleven. . . . Who's missing?"

"Oh! It's young Roy Legare," cried out Jim Rooney. "I heard him say he wondered what was to be seen in the inner cave."

Tenderfoot Legare was the troop's latest recruit. He was Harry's "own" tenderfoot, trained by himself when he was going in for First Class. He was small for his age. A good little chap, but rather heedless. Mr. Doyle had brought him to camp at the urgent request of his parents.

"See them all into the boat, Jim," called Harry and turned again into the cave.

"Roy! Roy!" he called. There was no answer except the echoes "Roy! Roy! Roy!

A queer choking noise came from the inner cave. With his heart in his mouth Harry pressed on. The beam of his torch flashed round the cave. Yes. There was Roy. He was seated against a pillar of rock. In his hand was the remains of a big sandwich but he was fast asleep. The "choking noises" were his snores!

(Please turn to Page 11.)

## SONG OF THE CAMPER

*By*

MRS. H. M. JEFFERSON

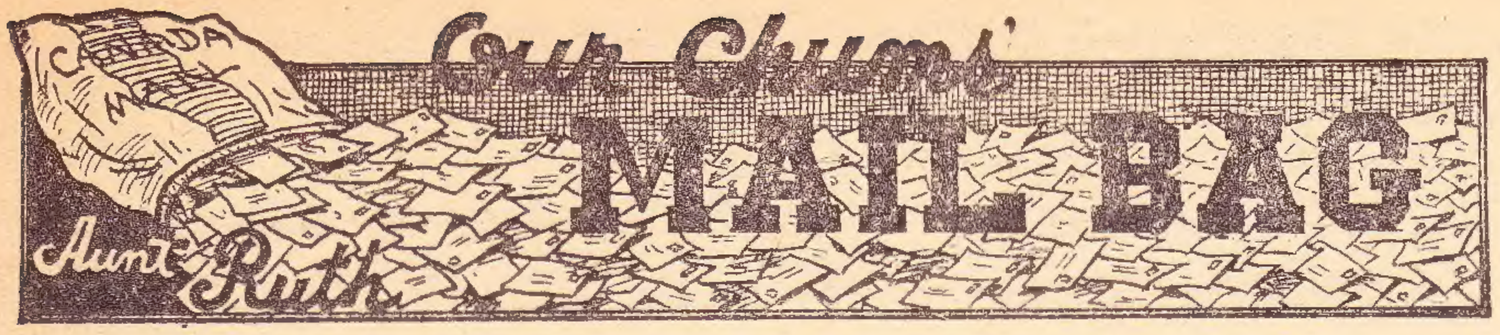
DO you know the woods on a clear spring day,
With the buds coming out and the bird's sweet lay,
And the trill of the frog
And the song of the thrush?
Oh! Come to the woods in the springtime.

Do you know the woods in the summer's heat,
When the leaves are thick and the smells are sweet,
And the air is hot
And the insects gay?
Oh! Come to the woods in the summer.

Do you know the woods when the autumn's here,
And the leaves fall down, toward the end of the year,
And the birds are still
And the nuts drop down?
Oh! Come to the woods in the autumn.

Do you know the woods in the winter's snow,
When amongst the trees little foot-tracks show,
Just the howl of the dog
And the rush of the wind?
Oh! Come to the woods in the winter.

—Ex.




*DEAR CHUMS,—*

Imagine our delight when the very first letter came answering the question: "Why is My Country at War?" Others followed and the Contest is well under way. We decided to print the note which came with that first letter just to show you how the thing is being worked. (Please notice the list of Classes at the bottom of the Page.) Geraldine stated as we had asked everyone to do, that she had a Maple Leaf Badge but no Northern Messenger pencil. So we could not put her in any class at first. Then her letter was read by the judges and was found very good, worthy of a prize. So we put Geraldine's name down for a Northern Messenger pencil, and that gives her the standing of Class II, owner of both N. M. pencil and Maple Leaf badge. When the next subject is given out, Geraldine will have the chance to get her Class III standing and win a Blue Pin. Should she fail in that she may still try again on the third subject.

Our first subject, *"Why is My Country at War?"* is a very important one, so we are giving just as much time to it as we possibly can. But we do want you all to get your letters in soon. October the 18th is the deadline, so be sure to mail your letters in time to reach us on or before that date.

Remember that these letters of yours are your chance to show the world what kind of thinking is done by Canadian Youth. This is also a chance to practise writing your thoughts clearly, expressing yourself and "putting over" an idea. When you are preparing your letter you will learn a lot by listening to other people's opinions and you will find yourselves reading a great deal more carefully, to get the information given in your newspaper.

All round, I'm sure you will find it a worthwhile job, and I hope you will get a real "kick" out of it, besides winning a prize.

*YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.*

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I am sending in my letter for your contest, "Why is My Country at War."

I have a Maple Leaf Badge, but I do not possess a N. M. push pencil. (I would like to, though.) I enjoy the Northern Messenger very much and shall look forward to your very interesting contests.

Best luck to you, Aunt Ruth and I hope you receive many letters. I appreciate other Chums' views.

I was very happy to see my letter of the Dominion Day Contest printed and to receive my Badge. Thank you, Aunt Ruth, and editors of the Northern Messenger. Yours sincerely,—Geraldine Clarke, Que.

Ans.—Geraldine is one of the lucky people who will receive their Northern Messenger Pencils in reward for a successful entry in the first subject of our Contest. Her excellent letter will be among the earliest to appear on the Page when the contest letters are printed.—A. R.

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Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums, —I wrote to your page once before and my letter was in the paper. In this letter I am asking for a pen pal. In a recent Messenger I saw a letter from Dorothy Hannaford, and as she is my age and has auburn hair and blue eyes she seems to be my twin. I would like her for a pen pal.

CONTESTANTS ARE DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

CLASS I.—Owners of N. M. pencil
CLASS II.—Owners of N. M. pencil and a Maple Leaf Badge.
CLASS III.—Owners of both pencil and badge who qualify in *one out of three subjects* of our new contest.
CLASS IV.—Those who have as yet won neither pencil nor badge, but who *qualify in all three* subjects of our new contest.

This gives everyone a chance.

Success on the first subject of this new contest will put you in Class I, entitling you to a Northern Messenger Pencil. Success on the second subject will entitle you to the Maple Leaf Badge of Class II. And if you succeed on the third subject you will be entitled to our neat little blue and white pin that will be awarded to all who qualify under Class III.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

*This Week's Star Correspondent*

JEAN MACKINNON

*Honorable Mention*

BARBARA NICKERSON

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

*This Month's Prize Winner*

KATIE MAHLOVICH

*Honorable Mention*

ETHEL VARNAY

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

School has begun and I am glad. I like holidays but by the time I have been out of school six or seven weeks I want to go back again. I am not very far advanced in school as I didn't start when I was five years old, as everyone does here.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday that I can possibly go and I love to go. I also go to church and children's meetings. Our teacher for our children's meeting is Miss Florence Bartlett, and we all like her very much. I will close for now. Your friend,—Barbara Nickerson, N.S.

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TO ELIZABETH BINGEMAN FROM JEAN MACKINNON

Dear Elizabeth,—I read your letter in the Messenger and now I am answering it. I passed my exams this June and will be in Grade V when I go back. Everybody passed in our school. Our teacher's name was Mr. Campbell.

I do not know if anybody around here is taking a guest child or not. We had a Red Cross Fair in Alexandria to help the soldiers. We took manual training in our school so I sent a dog door stop. Did you have manual training?

When you write next, tell me when your birthday is, eh? Well, I guess this is all for now. Write soon. Your penpal.—Jean MacKinnon, Ont.

---

Two old friends were talking about their children.

"I understand your little boy is taking great pains with his pianoforte lessons," said one.

"Taking!" replied the other. "I should think giving is more likely."

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Small Girl: Mummie, Teacher said this morning that it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the Earth.

Mother: So it is, dear.

Small Girl: But how did we keep on before the law was passed?

## UNDERGROUND RIVER

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Roy! Roy!" Harry cried, advancing toward him. Roy opened his eyes with his usual pleasant smile.

* * *

"CRASH! Crash! R-r-r-umble! R-r-rumble, roar!" came another blast. A perfect rain of stones came down from the roof of the cave. One larger than the others struck Harry on the head. Another knocked the torch from his grasp.

At the same moment there came a roaring crash behind him, and the struggling light from the entrance was shut out. He was in total darkness!

The echoes reverberated through the cave. As soon as they ceased, Harry called again,

"Roy! Are you all right?"

* * *

THE answer came back, "Sure, Harry, I'm O.K."

"Stand right where you are," Harry called through the darkness as he felt round for his torch. He found it, but as he did so, the rock gave way beneath his feet. He slid down, down, to come to a stop at last, breathless and shaken. He found himself leaning against a sloping wall of rock and debris, up to the knees in running water.

He snapped on his torch and swept it aloft. Yes, there was Roy, a hundred feet above. A great part of the floor of the outer cave had given way. That of the inner cave was still solid and the rock seemed solid beneath it. Roy was standing at the mouth of the inner cave looking down into the gulf.

"All right, Roy. Don't be scared!"

"Scared, nothing!" answered plucky Roy. "I ain't scared as long as you're here, Harry!"

"But I'll have to leave you for a while, Roy!"

"O.K., Harry. I know you'll be back!"

Fixing the torch in his belt Harry climbed the wall of rock. His purpose was to see if there was still a possibility of getting out through the outer cave. If the entrance was not blocked he would devise means of getting Roy across the gulf.

* * *

IT was a hard climb; the flaky rock gave way under his feet. His hands and knees were torn and bleeding. At last, using his staff as an alpine stock, he reached the floor of the cave. First of all he turned and flashed his torch across at Roy. The tenderfoot had watched his climb. He clapped his hands.

"You're some climber, Harry!" he cried.

"Thanks, kid," replied Harry, over his shoulder as he made for the cave entrance.

It was blocked by at least a ton of debris. Harry climbed on the heap and with the help of his staff, tried to dislodge the rocks. They were unyielding. A trickle of shaly flakes was the sole reward of his efforts.

As he tugged and strained at one large block there came another blast.

"Crash! . . . r-r-rumble, roar-r-r-Crash!" A mass plunged from the roof into the gulf behind him. With the fall there came a cry.

Scrambling down from his stone-heap, Harry rushed back to the edge of the gulf and shot the beam of his torch across. Part of the flooring of the inner cave had given way. Roy had disappeared!

With a trembling hand, but with a prayer in his heart, Harry played his torch up and down. Yes, there was Roy on a ledge about thirty feet below his former position.

His face was bleeding, but to Harry's shout he still answered pluckily.

"Yes, I'm O.K."

Harry descended into the gulf again and made his way across the stream to the foot of Roy's cliff. Carefully testing each hand- and foot-hold, he went up and up.

About ten feet below Roy's ledge was another, beyond which the cliff rose sheer, impossible to climb.

Harry called, "Roy, do you think you could drop into my arms?"

(To be Concluded.)

*Venturing from My Door*

*THE world is such a lovely place in which to walk and dream and be!*
*There are so many things to see:*
*A white design of cobweb lace that shimmers as the world goes by;*
*And monkshood with a cap of blue; the stars—like pin-pricks in the sky*
*With bits of heaven shining through.*
*It makes me glad that God saw fit to let me share a bit of it!*

*—Charles Sorley.*

### Isle Inhabited Only by Cats

TENS of thousands of cats, descendants of two which survived a shipwreck of eighty years ago, have been found to infest a coral island three hundred miles northeast of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean.

The animals, which are large and fierce, live in burrows and emerge only at night in search of food, according to a surveyor who has just returned from the island.

The cats, he says, catch fish in organized fashion, by forming a circle and closing in on the fish left in small pools and channels at low water.

A "drive" may yield as much as a ton of fish.—B.U.P.

# Robert's Trip to the Farm

By A. Himmelberger

ROBERT was careless. He simply threw his cap anywhere; and he paid no heed as to where he left his coat. Consequently they were lost a good part of the time. Mama spent too much time helping Robert hunt for his things.

Then Robert started to school. My! Robert was careless. His mama was worried when he left his coat at school. She did wish she could find some way to break Robert off his careless habit.

One day Robert went to school very happy. He shouted to all his playmates: "Can't guess where I am going this evening."

"Where?" they asked eagerly.

"Out to Uncle Robert's. It's loads of fun out on Uncle Robert's farm. I'm going to ride old Kitty. I'll help Aunt Jessie gather the eggs and feed the hens. Uncle Robert will take me out to help feed the cattle and watch him while he milks the cows. Maybe I'll milk one of the cows; you never can tell," Robert couldn't help this final brag.

"Ho! ho!" laughed his playmates, "you can't milk."

"I can learn, can't I?" exclaimed Robert.

* * *

BUT what should Robert do that evening but forget his coat and leave it at school. He rushed home eager to be gone with Uncle Robert. Mother was smiling when he came in; but at the sight of a coatless Robert her face saddened and Robert remembered. Oh, dear, dear me, he had left his coat at school! Such a plight! How could he go out to Uncle Robert's without a coat? And there was Uncle Robert and Aunt Jessie waiting for him.

"Robert, where is your coat?" asked his mother in a severe tone.

"I left it at school," admitted Robert, hanging his head.

"Very well," said his mother, "you may go right back for it."

"But the school house is locked," stormed Robert.

"You hunt up the janitor, and get your coat," instructed his mother.

"I could wear my old coat out to Uncle Robert's," coaxed Robert.

"I know you could but you are not going out with Uncle Robert; instead, you are going back to the school house to get your coat."

"I'm sorry," sympathized Aunt Jessie.

"Too bad, Robert," consoled Uncle Robert. "You'll come out next Friday night, won't you?"

"I'll be glad to," gulped the disappointed boy.

Then bidding his aunt and uncle good by, he turned reluctant steps toward the school house, where he got permission from the kind-hearted old janitor to go in and get his coat. He walked slowly home, then carried in the wood. He was a very sad and disappointed boy. But he saw that he had had to give up his week-end on the farm on account of his carelessness, and he resolved hereafter to be more careful and thoughtful.

And you may guess that the next Friday he took his coat home; so he went out to the farm.

"And I did milk a cow," he told his playmates. "She was gentle, as gentle as could be and she gave a whole bucketful of milk. I milked a quart of it, and Uncle Robert said I was a good milker for a beginner."

And this is the story of how careless Robert found out that it does pay to be *careful.*

## MY PARTY

I'm giving a party tomorrow, at three,
And these are the people I'm asking to tea.
I'm sure you will know them—they're old friends, not *new,*
Bo-peep, and Jack Horner, and Little Boy Blue,
And little Miss Muffet, with Jack and his Jill.
(Please don't mention spiders nor having a spill),
And little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, too
When sitting beside them, don't talk of the Zoo.
And sweet Cinderella, and also the Prince,
They're married—and happy they've lived ever since,
And Mary Contrary (in orange and black,
She may be perverse, but please don't answer back).
All these are the people I'm asking to tea,
So please come and meet them tomorrow at three. —Q.S.H.

The restaurant was not noted for the rapidity of its service.

"Has your order been taken, sir?" asked the proprietor of a man whose face seemed familiar.

"Yes," said the would-be customer resignedly. "And so was my photograph when I was a child."

### ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. A Greek physician. A companion of St. Paul.
2. "The Gospel according to St. Luke," and "The Acts."
3. From written sources and from eye witnesses.
4. Very careful. He "traced things accurately."
5. First for a man of rank named Theophilus and then Gentile readers in general.
6. Luke 1:3, 4.
7. Paul mentions him three times.
8. Cheerfulness, love of young people, sympathy with the poor and suffering.


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# Keep your WITS WORKING

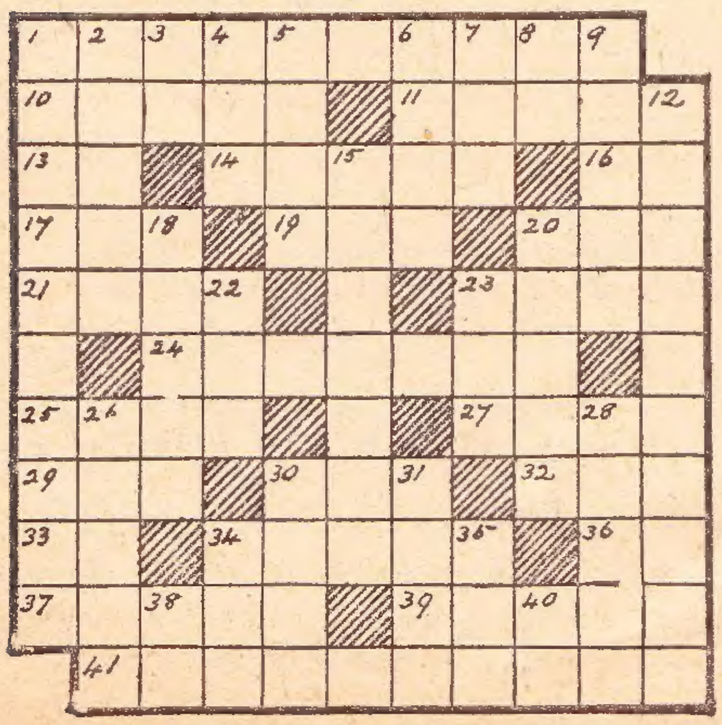
## BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

*Across*

1. Plague. Ps. 91:3
10. Roman language. Luke 23:38.
11. "A wise man, which——his house upon a rock." Matt. 7:24
13. Old Testament.
14. A famous wise man. I Kings 4:31
16. A Benjamite. I Chron. 7:12
17. A spider's snare. Job 8:14
19. "Give us of your ——; for our lamps are gone out." Matt. 25:8
20. Abram's great, great grandfather. Gen. 11:20
21. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than ——." Ps. 51:7
23. Steering gear. James 3:4
24. Aborigines of Mount Seir. Gen. 14:6
25. One who signed the covenant. Neh. 10:26
27. "With what measure ye ——, it shall be measured to you." Mark 4:24
29. Elijah "—— before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." I Kings 18:46
30. The (French)
32. Used by fishermen. Matt. 4:18
33. An altar by Jordan. Josh. 22:34
34. "I said in my ——, all men are liars." Psalm 116:11
36. "God be merciful to —— a sinner." Luke 18:13
37. Kingdom of Melchisedec. Heb. 7:1
39. A structure for offering sacrifice. Ex. 20:25
41. Uncivilized people. Rom. 1:14

*Down*

1. "They shall beat their swords into ——." Isa. 2:4
2. "The zeal of thine house hath —— me up." John 2:17
3. Saint.
4. Fasten with cord. I Sam. 6:7
5. "Lead us not —— temptation." Matt. 6:13
6. Joshua built an altar here. Josh. 8:30
7. Joshua's father. Josh. 1:1
8. 101.
9. A chief of Manasseh. I Chron. 5:24
12. Temple musicians. 2 Chron. 5:13
15. Aboriginal tribes of the Promised Land. Ex. 3:8
18. A son of Reuben. Josh. 15:6
20. A City near Nineveh. Gen. 10:12
22. Gained. Prov. 18:19
23. A woman "touched the —— of his garment." Matt. 9:20
26. Son of Aaron. Ex. 6:23
28. Grandson of Esau. Gen. 36:11
30. "Behold the —— of God." John 1:29
31. "We have seen his —— in the east." Matt. 2:2
34. "Take fast hold of instruction; let —— not go." Prov. 4:13
35. A priest. I Sam. 2:11
38. The (French)
40. Child's word for 'thank you.'



## Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

### ANSWERS TO NATURE QUESTIONS

1. The common bean, the oxalis, the clovers and the locust tree.
2. Odor.
3. 450 spiders would give, during their lifetime, enough spider silk from their spinnerettes to make one yard of silk.
4. 14 to 16 years.
5. There are 600 recognized kinds.
6. During the first weeks of development the tadpole is possessed of a power enabling him to grow a new leg or toe to replace any destroyed. When the tadpole has completed his growth and changed to a frog, this power disappears.
7. Over six million.
8. The flies, grouped into an order known as Diptera.
9. 16 years.
10. Young bats are suckled at the breast of their mother, clinging to her teats as she flies through the air.—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

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*Riddles Contributed by Chums*—1. Vinegar. 2. A star. 3. Fog. 4. All (awl)—From Dolly MacLennan.

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*Scrambled Countries*—1. Mexico. 2. Honduras. 3. Guatemala. 4. Panama. 5. Costa Rica. 6. Nicaragua.

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*Who Said?*—1. Wild Geese (R. W. Emerson). 2. My Cat. (Rosamund M. Watson). 3. A Field-Mouse. (Robert Burns). 4. The Eagle. (Alfred Tennyson). 5. The Bee. (R. W. Emerson). 6. The Grasshopper. (Leigh Hunt).

## TALKIES AT THE ZOO

Edythe A. Bacon

"JUST look at that hat!" crowed the chimpanzee,
As he scratched and rubbed a stiff old knee;
"If I had to wear a thing like that
At least I'd get one *worth* looking at!"

"It's a peach compared to the one I saw,—
You should-a *seen* it," screamed the gay macaw.
"I couldn't make out how it stuck on her head,
But women are queer, as I've always said."

"What do *you* know 'bout peaches and hats?
You're just a chimp,—and a bird that yaps.
But look at *me!*" croaked the big baboon,
"You'll see nothing finer from here to the moon."

"*You!*" yelped the apes in the monkey cage,
"You're the wooziest thing in this modern age!
You must trim your whiskers and flatten your lap,
Reduce your diet—you're much too fat.
A 'daily dozen' would do you good!
And you don't part your hair just like you should."

"Tut, tut! Here, here! Can't you monks be still?
How'll I get my nap?" barked the queer mandrill.
"You yammer and yap and grumble all day.
You'd all get spanked, if I had *my* way."

The wise old camel just twitched his hump
And chuckled aloud, "Why be a chump?
You could talk yourself purple, or green, or yellow,
But 'twould never make you a 'regular fellow';
Why not be cheerful, light-hearted and gay?
*Try* being pleasant—you'll find it will pay."

—Dumb Animals.

---

The other day Mac's little boy came in puffing and blowing.

"What have you been up to?" his father asked him.

"I ran all the way from school behind the bus and saved a penny."

"Och," Mac said. "Next time run behind a taxi and save half-a-crown!"

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### EMERGENCY BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup milk (about)

Measure sifted flour; add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Then cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12.

### GRAHAM MUFFINS OR GEMS

1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 3-4 cups graham flour, 1 egg, well beaten, 1 1-2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter or other shortening.

### MAKE USE OF THE SQUASH

CROOKNECK or Yellow Squash may be cut in slices, dipped in egg, then in crumbs and fried in hot fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain and season with salt for serving.

The horn-shaped squash with a green and white striped skin may be baked. Cut squash in half lengthwise. Scoop out centre and chop. Mix with bread stuffing. Stuff into squash shells and bake until tender.

### SCALLOPED SQUASH

Here's a recipe for making squash the main dish of the meal.

1 1-2 lbs. squash, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 12 slices bacon, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 3 tablespoons flour, 1-4 tablespoon salt, 1 cup liquor from squash, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1-2 cup grated cheese; onion, 1 cup buttered bread crumbs.

Slice washed squash. Add salt to water, bring to a boil and cook squash until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and save liquor. Pan fry bacon. Then make white sauce of 2 tablespoons bacon fat, flour, salt, liquor and milk. Place squash and cheese with a few gratings of onion in layers in a buttered casserole. Pour white sauce over top and cover with bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until crumbs are brown, about 25 minutes. Serve with crisp bacon.

## Responsibility Can Be Taught

FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND

"HE won't do a thing to help me," one mother complained to me, during a friendly chat. "I think he wants to help, but he is always too busy with other things. If he does start a job, he usually leaves it long before it is completed."

"How long has he had chores to do?"

The woman thought a moment. "Let's see. He's twelve. I started asking him to help me around the house last summer."

"That's the trouble," I replied. "You started ten years too late."

I meant it. Children of twelve do not automatically feel the urge to help with the work. Very young children do, and the urge should be strengthened by means of satisfying experiences. The young child's tasks should be regular, interesting and never wearisome. I started with my Roger when he was less than two years of age. First, he helped me pick up his toys. We had a particular place for each one. He soon learned these places and enjoyed becoming responsible for putting away a slowly increasing number of his playthings. Like all very little children, he was then much interested in his shoes, so the privilege of putting them "to bed" was fascinating. It meant putting them away in the shoe bag, which was tacked low enough on the door to be easily reached. I believe shelling peas and helping to set the table came next. It was great fun for the child and much companionship for me.

When he was old enough to understand, I listed the tasks, which he was to undertaken by himself, on a chart, and this he enjoyed marking. The list included such things as brushing his teeth and washing his face and hands, as well as the household duties which he was performing regularly at that time.

If a task was neglected, the blank space was proof enough of the neglect.

Since repeated lapses may cause an inferiority complex, I often mentioned some of the scheduled events to the child. This was while he was still five or six. By the time he was eight, this was not necessary, and a responsibility like getting dressed on time was never a problem. The rubbish was emptied, papers picked up in the yard, walks swept, and anything else I had asked him to do was done regularly.

It was a custom, followed by all of my children, to sing as they worked. Silly little verses, some of them were, made up to suit ourselves, but whatever the words, they were sung with appreciation and made work more enjoyable.

My eldest daughter, Madge, is now twelve. She irons her own middies for school, washes the dishes for one meal and does a creditable job, makes cookies and simple cakes, sets the table very nicely, helps with the daily cooking and runs the vacuum, dusts, polishes her own shoes, puts buttons on her clothes, keeps her room neat and manages to get time to play, attend school, read, embroider and sew for herself and her doll family. She is a very active, busy and happy child.

If you think she is over-proficient, you should see her two younger sisters. They are fast following in her footsteps and, at times, surpass her accomplishments. All four of the children are confident with regard to their work, trustworthy when doing it without supervision, are able to complete many jobs a day successfully and are self-reliant. Their ability has been built up by years of satisfied effort.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

## AUTUMNAL GLORY

I wonder if King Midas
With his wond'rous touch of gold
Wanders at will each September
With his magic—as of old?

For the harvest moon like a queen enthroned
Looks down through a gilded mist,
And the western hills are a living flame
Where the dying sun has kissed.

The corn fields gleam like a cloth of gold,—
The yellow heads droop low,—
Whilst the sheaves that are cut, out there in the sun
Are glistening, row upon row!

The trees have received his magic touch,
Their dress has been altered, too;
From a forest green to a russet brown,
They are now of a golden hue!

There's the golden rod shaking her curls
At the sunflower gay and bold;
'Tis easy to see it's truly a case
Of golden heart calling to gold!

A golden sun through a golden day,
Then at night—a gold moon above!
Did ever you know such a golden month?
Surely September was made for love!

—Edith M. Hollingworth
in Montreal Star.

Northern Messenger

September 27, 1940.

# FLASHLIGHTS ON THE NEWS

Readers and Editors Facing Together the Torrent of World Events - - and Finding the Next Step Forward

## "GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS" —A NEW DAY DAWNS

JAMES HILTON, the author of the famous Screen story of the English schoolmaster, is himself in a new role. He strikes a strong prophetic note in his broadcast over the N.B.C., a broadcast heard around the world.

A part of the prophet's mission was to reveal to his own people their sins—sins of commission, sins of omission. And this Mr. Hilton does as he speaks to the Democracies of the world. The democracies had become soft and flabby with easy living and luxury. While millions mumbled prayers for the coming of God's Kingdom and that His will be done, few thought of obeying His will personally. Their prayers might as well have been—"We are doing O.K. Please God let us alone. Why should we make sacrifice, or endure hardness in a great adventure for a better tomorrow—for tomorrow we die. Let tomorrow's generation attend to tomorrow. Amen."

It was for such an attitude that the parable was spoken which ended, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

As with an individual, so with any collection of individuals; so with any nation. They that try to live unto themselves shall surely die unto themselves. Their sins of pride and self-centredness are abhorrent to God and man and provocation of divine and human displeasure.

But prophet Hilton does not stop with his confession of the sins of latter-day democracy. He has a great vision and he sees it in process of being realized. He sees in the overture by the United States of a magnificent fleet of fifty warships to Britain, and on the part of Britain the leasing, for a hundred years of several very strategic air and naval bases in British colonies, an evidence of good-will, of mutual interest and common aim that goes far in the direction of federation of the two peoples and the beginning of a world of federated democracies.

These overtures are like roots that will go down deep into the hearts of both peoples, and they will grow up into a tree with great branches that will bear a glorious fruitage of mutual respect, love and service.

Tennyson's prophecy in *Lockesley Hall* is coming true. The Kingdom of God on earth may be much nearer of realization than any of us can think. Are we individually ready for it? "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Are we, you and I, ready and willing?

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## MORALE WITHOUT CUSHIONS

BRITAIN'S strength lies in the moral courage of her men and women. There is a story of a small boy who was very much afraid to go out of doors in the dark and he was very much upset about it. An old-timer said to the little chap, "Don't you worry. Go right on out. Bravery ain't never bein' afraid; it's going ahead when you are scairt."

Moral courage means having an answer for fear. Everybody in Britain is facing fear. They have known what was coming for a long time now and plenty of times they could have given in if they had let fear "get" them. But their courage has risen to meet the rising fury of the attack.

What's the secret of that courage? It is not just British stubbornness; nor is it because Britons depend so greatly on the strength of their Air Force and Navy.

In a recent issue of the Northern Messenger we told stories of some British children facing air-raids in a spirit of absolute fearlessness,—having quiet times in their shelters, saying "Thank You, God," when the "all clear" sounded, going out with nerves steady, calm and able to help their parents and foster-parents to find the same spirit.

We published a letter from a friend in Scotland who told of God's guidance and protection when incendiary bombs fell in her dooryard. Fear went, she was able to act quickly and promptly. The fires were safely put out and a new comradeship was forged between the inmates of the house.

Far worse trials than these are now coming thick and fast upon Britain. But the same guidance and strength that helped in the first tests are available in tenfold power for these hours of crisis.

The English people as a whole believe that God will give them victory if they are loyal to Him and faithful to the task He has given them of upholding liberty and right.

Stripped of material comforts and props they are learning simply to obey God and to trust Him to supply their needs.

---

## Inescapable Responsibility

HOWEVER formidable, and indeed appalling, be the power of the vast machine of war which the ruler of Germany has been preparing for years for its malign purpose, man is always mightier than any machine.

It will yet be proved that the spirit of free men is stronger than the subservience of men who are the mere cogs of the machines. Whatever losses or reverses may come, whatever sufferings may be in store, there remains the unconquerable soul.

Here, too, on each single person lies a separate and inescapable responsibility—either to weaken or to strengthen the spirit of the nation. God helping us, we shall keep our spirit strong. —The Archbishop of Canterbury.

# THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT BOMBED AREAS

THE KING and Queen have visited many bombed areas both in London and in other parts of the country. The British United Press tells of the following incident.

King George and Queen Elizabeth were visiting a Southeast London district when a morning air raid alarm sounded.

They took shelter in a police station, where a canteen staff provided them with tea and biscuits. As soon as the all clear sounded the King and Queen resumed their journey.

During their stop at the police station the King and Queen sat in a bleak, dimly lit room where a strange assortment of humanity was thrown together.

The King wore the service dress of a field marshal. The Queen wore a two-piece suit of almond beige. They sat in the centre of the room on straight wooden chairs.

Around them sat uniformed police and plain-clothes detectives and court officials. Also in the room were air raids precaution workers—women in white overalls—and workers at the police canteen.

When the King and Queen entered the shelter 30 persons there before them stared in astonishment and then applauded.

The King leaned back in a chair, and crossed his legs comfortably.

The Queen, composed, sat and smiled. The King was the first to hear the all-clear signal and he remarked:

"That's the all-clear, but I am going to wait for tea."

* * *

SO Their Majesties drank tea from the thick china cups customarily used in the police canteen.

Then the King and Queen inspected many scenes of devastation.

The Queen was on the verge of tears as she talked with women who had lost their husbands or children or who had seen their homes shattered.

As they left a bomb crater near a block of workers' apartments, men and women cheered and sang "There'll Always Be An England."

The King and Queen climbed over great heaps of rubbish that had once been 12 small houses. Dust gathered thick on the Queen's shoes and stockings.

"Hitler has to have a bodyguard wherever he goes, but you come down here just like this," a woman said to Their Majesties. "God bless you and keep you."

"Hitler knocked our house down, but he ain't got *us* down," said another woman, whose home had been demolished.

## How They Take It

WHETHER unconsciously or by design, the British people apparently see a humorous side to the tragic bombings. One man writes:

"I was in Brixton when our district got 'pasted', but I had to go down in the afternoon to continue painting the front gate. I had tea with Mrs. —— and her sister and as I left to begin the painting where I had left off "Wailing Winnie" started again. We had an hour of constant 'bumping', then with the all clear I bade good evening to Post 35 and got some painting done. That's twice the sirens have held me up."

* * *

Another man, a Londoner, revealed somewhat similar stoicism. Advised to get home quickly as there were "hundreds of planes about," he retorted, "Oh, what about him?" and jerked his thumb upward. Then he added, "Got a pin?" "A pin, what for?" "Why, I got a bag of winkles here to eat." ("A penn'orth of winkles" is a favorite English "relish." The perrywinkle is a small shellfish. After cooking, it is extracted from its shell by a pin.)

* * *

"How do you find things?" a British United Press correspondent asked an old woman dozing in a London air raid shelter during an alarm.

"All right, except for one thing, which is terrible," she replied.

"And what's that?"

"Why do people snore in shelters?"

* * *

A humorously striking indication of the confidence of the British public in the R.A.F. was seen in a notice chalked up in an air raid shelter beside a contribution box for the Defence Fund—

"12 pence equals one shilling;
20 shillings equal one pound;
£5000 equals one Spitfire;
One Spitfire equals twenty-five Messerschmidts!"

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## "A Great King"

The people of the East End of London are telling this story:

When King George visited the section after the bombing of his own residence—Buckingham Palace—by a German plane, a shabbily dressed man seized his hand and said:

"You're a great King."

The King gestured at the wreckage in the East End and replied:

"You're a great people!" —B.U.P.

## THE REPLY

Glory of thought and glory of deed
Glory of Hampden and Runnymeath
Glory of ships that sought far goal
Glory of swords and glory of souls:
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words:
Glory of Milton, glory of Scott,
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sydney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Hers be the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may:
The spirit of England none can slay:
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the Chancel floor,—
Deem ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,
Keats is beauty while earth rolls round
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea:
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn:
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal,
England!

—Helen Gray Cone,
in The Atlantic Monthly, 1915.

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## What Do YOU Think About It?

EVERYONE knows the results produced in other people's lives by drinking. And there is also a wealth of scientific information now available explaining the action of alcohol on the human system. This information, like many other scientific discoveries, may be slow in gaining recognition. But as all scientific truth is eventually accepted, it is being accepted by wider and wider circles.

The 1940 series of the annual National Temperance Study Course begins (next week) in the October 4th issue of the Northern Messenger. These articles are well-written and based on facts.

We recommend these articles to our readers. And we hope that by taking part in the Study Course they will not only become prize winners, but also get a more clear-cut conviction about their own attitude to this question of national and world importance.

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Every youth is a kind of intellectual prince, who is waited upon by those noble servants called books, and by their distinguished authors.—Sel.